The very botome and the ſoule of hope,
The very liſt, the very vtmoſt bound
Of all our fortunes.
Doug. Faith, and ſo we ſhould,
Where now remaines a ſweete reuerſion,
We may boldly ſpend, vpon the hope, of what t'is to come in
A comfort of retirement liues in this.
Hot. A randeous, a home to flie vnto,
If that the Diuell and miſchance looke big
Vpon the maiden-head of our affaires.
Wor. But yet *I* would your father had bene here:
The qualitie and hāire of our attempt
Brookes no diuiſion, it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſedome, loyalty, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breede a kinde of queſtion in our cauſe:
For, well you know, we of the offring ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, euery loope, from whence
The eye of reaſon may prie in vpon vs.
This abſence of your fathers drawes a curtaine,
That ſhewes the ignorant, a kinde of feare
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You ſtraine too far.
I rather of his abſence make this vſe,
It lends a luſtre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to your great enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here: for men muſt thinke,
If we without his helpe can make a head
To puſh against a kingdome, with his helpe
We ſhall or turne it, topſie turuy downe,
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.
Doug. As heart can thinke, there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this tearme of feare.

Enter Sir Ri. Vernon.

Hot.